

# The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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LONDON

SEPTEMBER 22, 1943

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*Bertram Park*

## Twenty Years Old: King Peter With His Family and Fiancée

King Peter of Yugoslavia was twenty on September 7, and celebrated the event by a broadcast to the Yugoslav people. It was also an auspicious occasion for his fifteen-year-old brother, Prince Tomislav, who on that day became a midshipman in the Yugoslav Navy. In this picture King Peter stands between his two brothers, Prince Andrew, who is fourteen, and Prince Tomislav, in naval uniform. On the sofa sits his fiancée, Princess Alexandra of Greece, to whom he became officially engaged in August, with his mother, Queen Marie. Princess Alexandra, who was educated in this country, lives with her mother, Princess Aspasia, in London, where she is very busy packing parcels for prisoners of war, and doing American Red Cross canteen work. Both she and King Peter are very popular with their many friends in this country





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Sawdust

IT was natural that the Germans should make such a fuss about the rescue of Mussolini, and that people in this country should be annoyed that it was allowed to happen. It does seem that adequate precautions were not taken by the Italians. No blame can fall on the Allied commanders. They were right in assuming that Marshal Badoglio was looking after Mussolini until such time as he was asked to hand him over. To the people of this country Mussolini is, of course, War Criminal Number 2. To the German propagandists his rescue came as a blessing in disguise. They were able to dress up the story in most dramatic form and distract the minds of Germans from the prospect of more Allied bombing, the bad news from Russia, and the fear of Allied progress on the Continent.

I wonder how much Hitler had to do with the whole affair. All the indications are that Hitler is as much a broken and ageing man as is Mussolini. There seems to be very little between them. Both have been at the pinnacle of power. One has crashed, and the other knows that the same fate awaits him. The German propagandists, acting in the name of Hitler, must have been in a very bad way when they tried to rebuild Mussolini into a man of action. All the world knows how the Germans have always despised the Italians, and how Hitler and Mussolini have made friendship a convenience. All the reports from Italy show that Mussolini is ill and that all his swagger has left him. Not even the Germans will be able to keep any fresh sawdust in him for very long.

## Jolting

THE war news from Italy suddenly took a bad turn after the invasion had given much promise. The fighting at Salerno proved to be very fierce, and very salutary to those who imagined that with Italy's surrender all resistance was ended. All the facts we cannot know, but it is safe to deduce from the information published that the Allied commanders must have been fully aware of the problems ahead of them before they launched the attack. The Italians made their first contact in the middle of August and in the negotiations that followed I imagine much military information was exchanged. From this information the plans of the Germans must have become known, and the Allied commanders, therefore, had every opportunity to organise the disposal of their forces to deal with them.

The joy with which the Germans seized on the Salerno fighting showed quite clearly that they want to make Italy the battlefield of the war as was France the last time. They want to keep the Allied forces pinned in Italy in the hope that it will prevent a thrust at the vitals of Germany being launched from some other point. I recall that Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons that the Allies were not going to get bogged in Italy by assuming responsibility for the administration of the country. He said that the Italians "could stew in their own juice." He meant this to apply to matters political. I hope that it will in practice be applied militarily as well. Let us compel the Germans to send more and more men to Italy, but I do hope we don't allow that campaign to prevent us taking early action elsewhere.

## Joining

THE situation in the Balkans is ripe for decisive action. One of the reasons ascribed to the Germans for trying to restore Mussolini's position was the desire to maintain prestige in the Balkans. The overthrow of Mussolini, followed by the surrender of Italy, had profound effects in that part of the world. The focal point is obviously Yugoslavia, where General Mihailovitch has been in conference with the leader of the partisans and Allied officers. In the Middle East they talk as if they expected big things to happen in Yugoslavia in the near future. There can be no doubt that we are now seeing the results of patient planning. It is no mean achievement to have brought the leaders of the partisans and patriots together. The credit for this must go to the British and to the Russians, who have worked hard to win a co-ordinated effort. Germany's position weakens in the Balkans as the Allies grow stronger. There has been sporadic fighting between German and Italian troops, and everywhere those who have suffered German oppression are ripe for revolt. There are those who have always said that Germany's defeat would come in the Balkans; they may yet prove to be right.

## Plotting

SOME of the facts, but not all, have been published about the events which led up to Italy's surrender. It makes interesting reading. One outstanding fact is that Marshal Badoglio was seeking to bring Italy to the side of the Allies against Germany within a week of having overthrown Mussolini. The Allies could not possibly agree to this. They had to insist on unconditional surrender, with the proviso that as Italy aided the Allies in driving the Germans out of Italy and finally defeating them, so would the terms of the armistice be applied.

While Marshal Badoglio was no doubt genuine in his desire to turn on the Germans, it is quite obvious that he had his eyes on the future. By joining the Allies he no doubt hoped to save some of the Italian Empire and to avoid some of the severity of the treatment which must be meted out to those who started the war and those who were members of the Axis and helped to bring misery to the world. Marshal Badoglio also wants to preserve the dynasty of Savoy. All these are laudable objects for him to pursue, but they are fraught with political trouble for anybody who tries to



*A Battle of Britain Anniversary Luncheon in London*

Famous Fighter Command pilots celebrated the third anniversary of their "biggest" day by a lunch at Simpson's Services Club. Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding (A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command in 1940), the guest of honour, chatted with G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, famous South African airman and Fighter Command's top-scoring pilot

Guests at the lunch included W/Cdr. Pritchard, Air Cdre. C. A. Bouchier, C.B.E., D.F.C., who commanded Hornchurch R.A.F. Station in 1940; S/Ldr. Neil, D.F.C., W/Cdr. Alan Deere, D.F.C. and bar, the famous New Zealand pilot; and G/Capt. Finley, D.F.C., a few of the men on whom the fate of the Empire depended three years ago





*Curtin Meets MacArthur*

Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, greeted General MacArthur, C.-in-C. South West Pacific, on his recent arrival in Sydney. Mr. Curtin's party was returned to power by an overwhelming majority in August

deal with them. I have no doubt that the Allied leaders were pleased to do business with Marshal Badoglio because he appears to be the one man who can shoulder responsibility for handling Italy when the Germans have been turned out.

#### *R petition*

FOR Sir Ronald Campbell, the British Ambassador in Lisbon, the armistice negotiations must have been peculiarly interesting. It is not the first armistice atmosphere he has been in in this war. He was Britain's Ambassador in Paris and had to follow the French Government when they fled to Bordeaux. He did his utmost to avert French capitulation to the Germans. When, finally, the French had agreed to the German armistice terms, Sir Ronald had practically to snatch a copy of the armistice document because it was being withheld from him. I think that Sir Ronald will have some interesting memoirs to write, if and when the time comes, of those days in France and the later events in Lisbon when the

Italians sought his good offices in suing for peace.

#### *Secrecy*

THE marvel is that Marshal Badoglio was able to send out emissaries from Rome and to conduct communications with the Allies without the Germans knowing. I am certain the Germans did not know. They were suspicious, but they were unable to confirm their suspicions. It appears that Marshal Badoglio chose one of his most trusted generals to make the journey to Lisbon for the first contact. How anxious Marshal Badoglio was to make peace is shown by the fact that when this first general did not return to Rome he sent out another. This general also found his way to Lisbon without the Germans knowing and conducted the preliminary negotiations which had been started by the first general. The negotiations were broken off to allow the second general to take the terms to Rome and to arrange for a further meeting in Sicily. I am sure that one



*General Giraud in Malta*

On a flying visit to Malta General Giraud, C.-in-C. French Armed Forces, was met at the airport by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, C.-in-C. Mediterranean, with whom he is seen above

day we shall hear how these Italian generals managed to fool the Germans, and that it will be a thrilling story.

#### *Lucky*

GENERAL CARTON DE WIART will also have an interesting story, for he was released from captivity to conduct the second general to Lisbon and vouch for his identity. It must have come as a welcome surprise to General Carton de Wiart when he was informed of what Marshal Badoglio wished him to do. How the Italians managed to conceal General Carton de Wiart's departure from Italy is astounding, for he is an unmistakable figure. Anybody would recognise him as a warrior. He is tall and powerfully built, and minus an arm and an eye. General Carton de Wiart was captured when he had a forced landing in Cyrenaica. He might well have cursed his luck on this occasion, for he had been fighting in France and also in Norway, and he was on his way to the desert to join in another campaign after some months of resting.



*Lady Montgomery in London*

In this picture Lady Montgomery, mother of General Montgomery, is seen on a visit to her sister, Mrs. John Darlington, at St. Mark's Vicarage, Kennington, where the general was born. Lady Montgomery lives in Eire



*St. George Panel for Malta*

The panel, presented to Malta, was on show at the Over-Seas Club in London on Malta's national day. Above: Colonel Agius, Malta Trade Commissioner; Miss Joan Gilbert, Sir Charles Bonham Carter, former Governor of Malta; Mr. Eric Rice, secretary of Over-Seas League; Miss Mabel Strickland, editor of the "Malta Times," Lady Bonham Carter and Mr. Philip Crawshaw



*Historic Picture for Russia*

This painting of the signing of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, was presented by the British Government to the Soviet Government. The picture shows Mr. Arkadi, Mr. Sobolov, Mr. Maisky, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Attlee, Sir Alexander Cadogan and Sir Archibald Sinclair





Air Marshal Douglas Evill and  
Brigadier Sir Donald Banks



S/Ldr. Roderick Learoyd, first air V.C. of  
World War II, and Mrs. R. A. B. Matthews



Air Vice-Marshal G. B. A. Baker  
and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt

"Victory Through Air Power" drew a critical and expert audience to its premiere at the New Gallery, where the above photographs were taken. The film, which is Major Alexander P. de Seversky's conception of winning wars as seen through the eyes of Walt Disney, was pictorially reviewed in our issue last week

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

We are Amused

By James Agate

I HAVE received a delightful letter from a distinguished resident of Carlisle. Readers will not require me to point out the author so admirably parodied.

One hot day this summer I am sitting in Shaw's restaurant on Lowther Street partaking heartily of a portion of spam and salad, which comes very nicely at Shaw's, and while I am enjoying my spam and salad I am studying a bladder called the *Tatler* in which a number of scribes write about this and that, and there are photographs of London dolls and ever-loving wives with and without their husbands and other characters who seem to have plenty of potatoes. I am thinking what a strange proposition it is that citizens will wish to pay half a dollar to look at these situations, and I wish to say that I do not pay for my copy as I find it on my table, when lo and behold I see your name at the top of a page and under it some cracks about the poor stuff the film fans have to suffer at this time. I am laughing heartily at these cracks, as personally I do not visit the pictures for four years as I reach the same conclusion a long time past. I also wish to say that for many years I think you are a very good scribe indeed, even though you do write about characters such as actresses of which I know very little unless they are blondes and then not much.

Well, there I am enjoying your cracks about the Hollywoods when what do I see but a very, very nasty crack indeed about the guys and dolls who announce the trains over the radio at the railroad stations in this man's country. Now this annoys me more than somewhat, and so far as Carlisle is concerned if it is not a lie it will do till a lie comes along. I wish to say that the dolls who announce the trains at this station have very pleasant voices indeed, and when they are announcing the trains every which way you can see the citizens are very satisfied. And furthermore I will sooner listen to their voices than some of the B.B.C. announcers who do not even have to think what they are announcing.

Now, Mr. Agate, I hope and pray that you do well for yourself in London, and that soon you will be visiting Carlisle and I will let you see and hear these dolls announcing the trains and then you can record the matter in your next *Tatler* so that the situation will be plain to one and all. I give you a loud Hello and remain, etc., etc.

And now for something else.

WHO says I don't like the cinema? In many ways I like it better than the theatre. In my view nearly all plays are too long, and almost all films are too short.

WITH this preamble let me consider *Escape to Danger*, which I saw the other evening at the London Pavilion. Here let me say that the performance I attended was the ideal one, the last of the day, meaning no nonsense about having to see it the first thing after breakfast. Next, I was alone, and so able to concentrate my whole attention upon the film. Third, I was stone sober, nothing stronger than tea having passed my lips for the past six hours. And lastly, I was not sleepy. Here follows all I was able to grasp.

ONE Miss Graeme (Ann Dvorak), an English girl living in Denmark, in order to save her skin pretends to be a German spy. She also seems to pretend to be the Nazi Commandant's mistress. Then the Commandant has an idea: Miss Graeme is to pretend to have escaped from a concentration camp, to return to England and there start spying for Germany. So she is shipped to Lisbon, where she falls in with the

extremely intoxicated Eric Portman, who joins the same British steamer whose wireless operator is a Nazi. (So like the British Merchant Navy to overlook a little detail like this.) Five minutes before the explosion the wireless operator, having given away the position of the ship to the lurking U-boat, first throws Miss Graeme into the sea, and then takes a header, followed by our Eric, whose lucidity in his sober moments appears to be what Dick Phenyl would call "devilish." After a dog fight between the two men the trio are rescued, and presently Miss Graeme kills the wireless operator by giving him a dose of morphine intended for Eric, who appears to Miss Graeme to be too nose. After a bit we find Eric pursuing Miss Graeme on the train, where he too starts posing as a German agent. And a little later Ronald Ward appears as the owner of a night club in Shepherd Market, and he, being another Nazi agent—Scotland Yard is supposed to be fast asleep throughout—thinks it would be a good idea if Miss Graeme could steal the private notepaper of the ship's doctor's father, seeing that he is an admiral with lots and lots of inside knowledge about the whys and wherefores of the Silent Service. So Miss Graeme makes the perilous journey to Buckinghamshire and in the middle of the night steals into the admiral's sanctum sanctorum—the things people do in English country houses in English films!—and is just nicely groping about when out of the darkness a voice says: "No, my girl, you don't!" The voice turns out to belong to our Eric, who has dropped in on the admiral at two in the morning because he is neither a Lisbon drunk nor a Nazi agent but an official in the British Secret Service!!

HEREABOUTS Miss Graeme divulges that she desires nothing better than to double-cross those odious Nazis, though why she didn't in the first place go straight to Scotland Yard and invoke the protection of the police only heaven and British film directors know. Anyhow, she agrees to take part in a Scheme whereby a wireless transmitter is put into a barge forming part of a convoy, and as the result of which, half the German Navy is put off the scent and blown out of the water, Miss Graeme expires most affectingly, and our Eric returns to Lisbon and gets drunker than ever.

I ASK readers to believe that I found this concatenation of nonsense extremely exciting in spite of the fact that half the time I hadn't the vaguest notion as to who was spying on behalf of whom. Or what. Or where. The London Pavilion is laid out architecturally so that the attendants, in the course of their duties converge, to one and the same point. Now it is an axiom that when usherettes converge there is clustering, and that where there is female clustering there is susurrations. It gives the measure of my interest and absorption in this film that I turned round and demanded that the whispering about What she says to me and What I says to 'er should cease forthwith.

So there you are. I can only say that I enjoyed every moment of this honest-to-goodness bosh, always so much more amusing than the intellectual theatre's inexpressibly dreary tosh. In fact, I could have wished *Escape to Danger* had been an hour longer.





*"Stage Door Canteen" has Sixty-six Stars, and is at the Odeon, Leicester Square*

The Stage Door Canteen must be known to every member of the fighting forces who finds himself in New York. There the great figures of the entertainment world, of Stage, Screen and Radio, wait on the boys on leave. Katharine Cornell and Lynn Fontanne serve at the sandwich bar, George Raft cleans plates, Alan Mowbray empties ashtrays, and so on and so on. You'll find Tallulah Bankhead, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Harpo Marx and many others equally well known there. The story of the canteen has been filmed by Sol Lesser. Against the real-life background of stars, a simple romance is introduced—the love story of Private Ed. Smith and hostess Eileen which must be typical of many "true-story" romances which have started and are starting, right now, in the Stage Door Canteen. Seen above are Helen Hayes introducing; Gracie Fields singing; and Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne snatching a quick one

## Round The London Movies

An All-Star Romance, A Coloured  
Revue And A Will Hay Fantasy



*"Stormy Weather" has a Brilliant Coloured Cast (Tivoli)*

The voice of Lena Horne, the dexterity of Bill Robinson's remarkable feet, the ballet dancing of Katherine Dunham, the "swing" of Fats Waller and the rhythm of Cab Calloway and his band are all combined in "Stormy Weather" which has been produced by William LeBaron as a tribute to the contribution made by the coloured race during the past twenty-five years to the entertainment of the world. It is a gay, light-hearted musical entertainment with the thread of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl, running through to a satisfactory conclusion. Above Lena Horne is seen in the arms of Bill Robinson with Cab Calloway on her left



*"My Learned Friend" has Will Hay (Empire)*

This is Michael Balcon's latest production. It tells of two lawyers (Will Hay and Claude Hulbert) who in their efforts to restrain a former client determined to revenge himself on all those responsible for sending him to prison, find themselves involved in adventures which include an East End dive, a pantomime, a mental home, and finally the House of Lords. Above: Claude Hulbert and Will Hay with Maudie Andrews; below: Will Hay and Claude Hulbert as Yeomen of the Guard



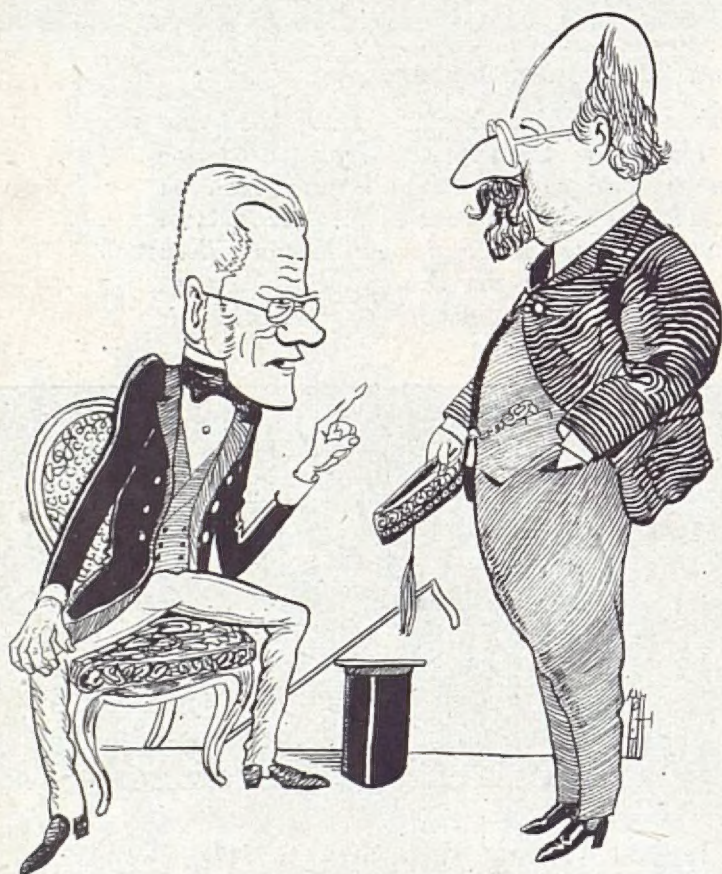
# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Pink String and Sealing Wax

(Duke of York's)

CHOOSING a title for a new play must be as tricky as choosing one for a new peer. What does this one suggest to you—a theme for a surrealist painter, or a conversation piece by the Walrus and the Carpenter? Actually, it has nothing to do with either of those æsthetic extremes. Mr. Roland Pertwee is not that kind of dramatist. He deals here with the ups and downs, realities and romance, of everyday life, and garnishes the composition with rosemary-for-remembrance. His play is a late-Victorian fairy story of three sisters and a brother whose heavy father would have frustrated their desire to go out into the world and seek their own fortunes. And since he



Doctor O'Shea is an old friend of the Strachan family and liberal with his advice (Cecil Bevan, David Horne)

himself has been an actor, it is not surprising that the story has an agreeably theatrical flavour, that its humours are shaded with tragedy, and that a happy ending is assured. It is, in short, an engaging skirmish in that time-honoured war between fathers and children, more often fought these days in fiction than in fact.

The scene is set in Brighton in the 'eighties, which Mr. Pertwee knows by youthful heart. In selecting his characters, he has drawn, he tells us, on personal recollections of the youth of his famous aunts, the Misses Eva and Decima Moore, who, defying the paternal ban, went out into the world and so successfully found their fortunes.

THE play's heavy father is a Brighton chemist, complete with tasselled smoking-cap and peremptory aphorisms, who augments his shop's modest turnover with fees from a forensic sideline as the town's public analyst. This official appointment gives him graver, more sinister problems to solve than the adulteration of food, or the dubious specific gravity of the local beer. It entails the solution of horrid post-mortem riddles, in which the lives of dear little guinea-pigs are jeopardised, and the imagination of Eve, his youngest daughter, is filled with forebodings that are only too true.

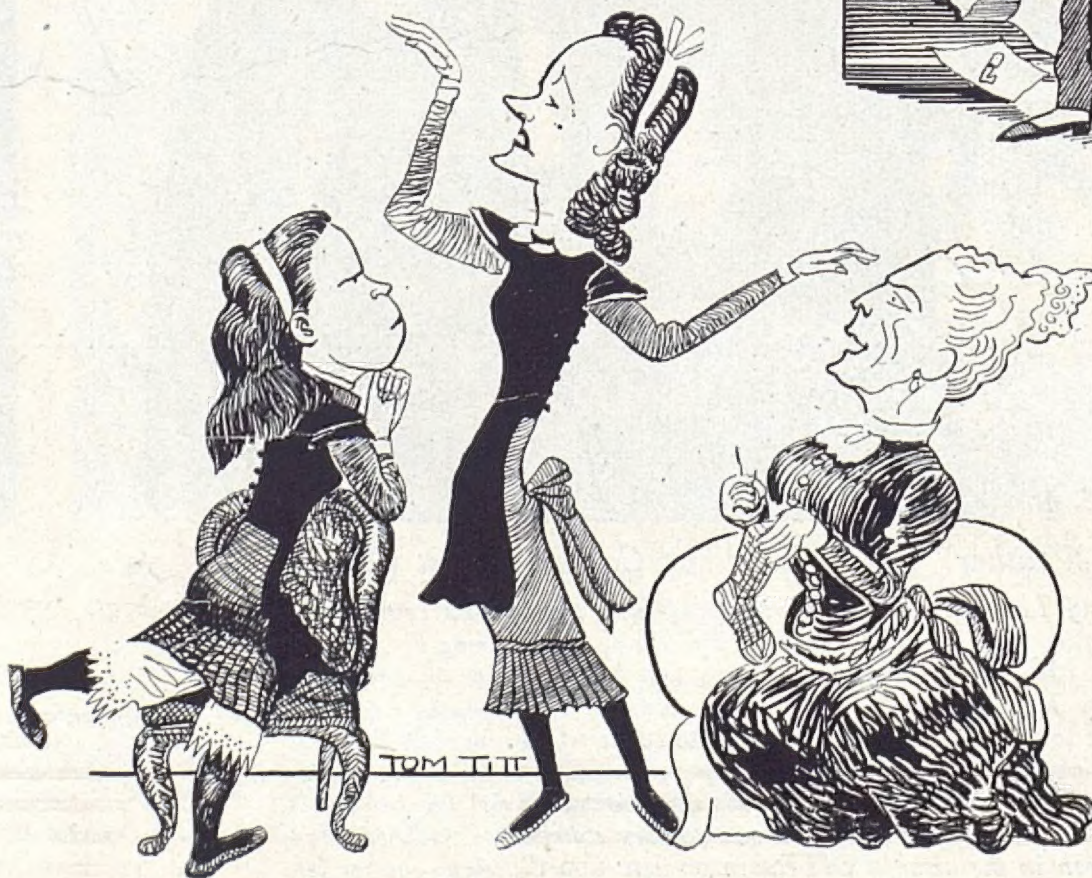


Emily Strachan finds in the doctor's son an ardent and faithful admirer (Dorothy Hyson, Eric Micklewood)

Eve and her sisters, Emily and Bessie, have secret ambitions which they share with us but not with their parents. Their mother is soft-hearted but rather silly; so they tell her nothing of their dreams and aspirations lest she should inadvertently blab to their father. Emily, sweet seventeen, means to be a great singer, Bessie a great actress, Eve—I forget what Eve meant to be. Current events so filled her mind and kept her so busy that any career less active than Florence Nightingale's must have seemed a sinecure.

Then there was Albert, who wished to be a great engineer, not the humdrum chemist his father ordered. Father, by the way, was a great orderer, whether of filial silence or bloaters. The silence he ordered in season and out of season, the bloaters, not by the pair, or even by the dozen, but by the cran, which complicated the housekeeping frightfully.

When we first meet them, Eve, a wise-cracking *enfant terrible*, is displaying her



Albert Strachan, frustrated inventor, finds consolation in the arms of Pearl Bond (Philip Friend, Shelagh Furley)

Sketches by

Tom Titt

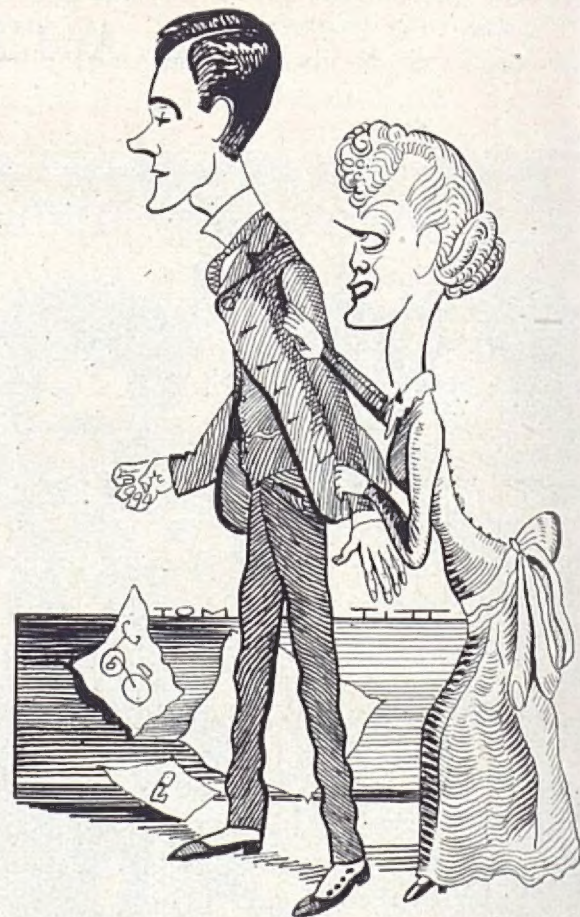
Left: Mrs. Strachan's children are a constant source of surprise to her (Margaret Barton, Audrey Hesketh, Iris Hoey)

period pantalettes with an abandon that invites present laughter and foreshadows her subsequent vim. Mamma is placidly darning and reproving; Emily and Bessie have their secrets, and Albert has just completed his invention of a bicycle that reduces the penny-farthing design to two halfpennies. This lamplit, intimate nocturne is calculated to wreath the lips of elder playgoers in fond recollection's smiles, and provoke jolly contemporary guffaws from the unregenerate young.

Just round the corner is a tavern kept by a brute, whose young wife notoriously relieves durance vile and hammerings by the marital fist by cruising the sea-front by night, flying the colours of what old salts (in their shanties, at any rate) term a Fireship. And Albert, poor boy! is young, chivalrous, and repressed.

NEED I go on, or have I said enough to indicate how a good stiff dose of strychnine might have found its way from the dispensary shelves to the vitals of the brute? The transit of the strychnine, and its tragic sequel, however, are but the lacing of a story rich in homelier humours, and in characterisation that does not disdain becoming touches of theatrical make-up. As a recent photograph of the family group in these pages showed, the company led by Miss Iris Hoey, Mr. David Horne, and Miss Dorothy Hyson, palters neither with its picturesque nor its period opportunities to please us.

This agreeable comedy is likely to appeal strongly to playgoers who enjoy quiet weddings, and weekends in congenial company, and who revel in the resilient moods and initiative of the headstrong young. *Uncle Vanya* and *A Month in the Country* may serve their exotic turn, but *Pink String and Sealing Wax* (bless them!) go on for ever.





# Country Chronicle



## Staying in Berkshire

Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy was spending a week-end at Lord Berners' Berkshire home. She is Sir Geoffrey and the Hon. Lady Fry's only child, and was married last year. She has a small daughter called Victoria Gala



## Bowen and Berners

Here Elizabeth Bowen, the well-known authoress (in private life Mrs. A. C. Cameron), is seen with her host, Lord Berners, at Farringdon House, Berkshire. Miss Bowen's review of current books appears weekly in "The Tatler."



## Richard John Borthwick is Christened in Surrey

Major and Mrs. John Borthwick's second son was christened at Holy Trinity, Lyne. Above: Mrs. J. Gordon-Duff, Major-Gen. Sir Percy and Lady Hobart, Miss G. Hobart, Mrs. Merriwether, Antony Borthwick, Major John Borthwick, Miss Cullinan, the baby with his nurse, Mr. J. Heller, Mrs. John Borthwick, the Hon. James and Mrs. Borthwick, Capt. Peter Borthwick and Mrs. J. Heller



Right: Miss Catherine Mary Inge, daughter of the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, is engaged to Mr. Derek Roland Wigram. She is seen in this picture with her fiancé and her father in the orchard at Brightwell Manor, Wallingford, home of the Dean

## Dean Inge's Daughter to Marry



Lt. Lord Plunket, Irish Guards, took his cousin, Miss Fiona Smith, to the races. She is the daughter of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert Smith, and is a member of the B.B.C. staff

## Racegoers at Phenix Park, Dublin



Lady de Freyne and her daughter, the Hon. Jeanne French, were together. Miss French was on a few days' leave in Eire. She works for the American Red Cross in London

Poole, Dublin





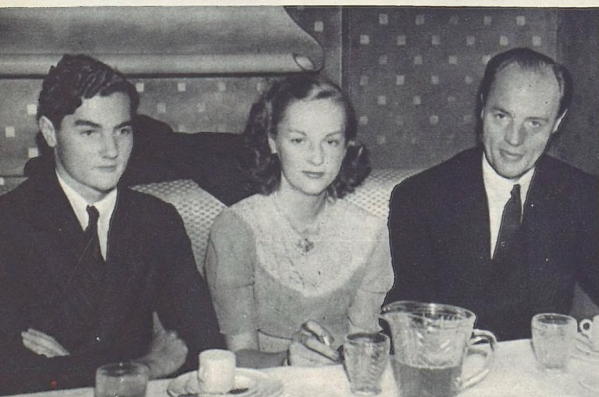
### Country Wedding

Major W. A. M. Chippindale, The Worcestershire Regiment, only child of the late E. J. Chippindale and Mrs. Chippindale, married the Hon. Margaret Ritchie, daughter of Lord and Lady Ritchie of Dundee, at the Church of St. Peter, Peasmarsh, Sussex



### London Wedding

Prince George Galitzine, Welsh Guards, son of Prince Vladimir Galitzine, and Baroness Anne-Marie Winterstein-Gillespie were married at Caxton Hall, Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Major-Gen. Baron Rudolf Slatin Pasha



### Family Dinner Party

Viscount Rothermere took his only son, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, and his younger daughter, Viscountess Errington, to dine at the Bagatelle on the eve of his son's departure to join the Navy

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### The King Visits V.C.'s Grave

**D**URING his recent tour of North Africa the King visited the grave of the late Lord Lyell. When he got home he asked his private secretary, then Sir Alexander Hardinge, to write to Lady Lyell telling her of his visit and of all he had heard out there of her husband's great bravery. He said in the letter that he had heard Lord Lyell was being recommended for the Victoria Cross, and this was shortly afterwards confirmed when an account of the late Lord Lyell's stirring gallantry was made known and the posthumous award of the Victoria Cross officially announced. The King's thoughtful and kindly act must have meant a lot to the young widow of Lord Lyell, and is typical of much that His Majesty does for other people.

Lady Lyell is living in Kirriemuir with her small son, Charles, the present Lord Lyell, who is four years old; she is carrying on all the council and other duties her husband used to do for the county.

### The Duchess of Kent's Plans

**A**NOTHER young widow who is carrying on all the public duties undertaken by her husband is H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. She is the first member of the Royal Family to start the autumn season of official visits. She has chosen Birmingham as the starting-point, and is going on from there to make a short tour of North Wales, where she will inspect W.R.N.S. personnel, as well as members of the Red Cross and St. John. She is already looking forward to the long drive over the Welsh mountains from Merioneth to Anglesey, for the Duchess has a deep and inborn love of mountain scenery. Among her more personal duties lately has been the job of finding a preparatory school for the young Duke of Kent, who will be eight years old in October. The Duchess has personally visited and inspected several schools before making a final choice.

Lord Herbert, Controller and Secretary to H.R.H., tells me that the offices in Motcomb Street are moving to York House, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester's residence in St. James's Palace. The apartments which will be used by the Duchess of Kent's staff are those formerly occupied by Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Gloucesters' secretary, who now works in another part of

the building. The rooms have an interesting and little-known history. In the days of Queen Victoria they were known as the Robes Office, and in them were stored the Queen's Coronation robes, her Parliamentary robes and the robes of the Orders of the Garter, the Thistle, the Bath, and the Star of India. All the robes were under the care of Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes, and it was her duty to pay regular visits to the office to see that they were always ready to wear. The entrance to the office is in Ambassadors Court, almost immediately opposite the Entree Entrance used exclusively by Ambassadors and other high, privileged persons when the King holds Leves in the State Apartments.

### Family Party

**L**ORD and Lady O'Hagan have had a family party staying with them at their Hampshire home at Beaulieu. Lt.-Col. Edward Cadogan (Lady O'Hagan's son by her former marriage to Lt.-Col. H. O. S. Cadogan) has been there with his wife and two young sons, Henry and Alexander. The two little boys, who have inherited lovely curly hair from their parents, were already beautifully sunburnt when they arrived, for their father—who, incidentally, is one of the youngest colonels in the Army—is stationed near the sea, so the boys have been able to bathe and play on the beach the whole summer. Mrs. Cadogan, like most mothers these days, looks after her sons herself. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. Horace Lambart, Archdeacon of Salop, who is the Earl of Cavan's brother and heir.

### In the A.T.S.

**L**ADY GOULDING, who was Valerie Monckton, has joined the A.T.S. She has got a stripe and finds Army life a great deal more strenuous than her old job, which was in the Information Bureau at the American Nurses' Club in Charles Street. She and her husband, W/Cdr. Sir Basil Goulding, who is at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, have a house at Englefield Green, where their three-year-old son, William, is living. Lately, Lady Goulding's mother, Lady Monckton, has been down there looking after her young grandson in the absence of "nannie," who has been ill. Lady Monckton must have



### Table for Two

Lord John Cholmondeley and Miss Diana Barnato were dining together in London one night. Lord John is the Marquess of Cholmondeley's younger son, and brother of Lord Rocksavage, and is in the R.N.V.R.





Swache

### Stepping Out

Caught on their way to a theatre were the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell and her children, Guy, Jennifer and Patricia. With them (behind) was the Hon. Mrs. John Buckmaster, Lord Ashfield's younger daughter



### After the Christening

Kevin Esmond Peter Cooper-Key was christened at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The King of Yugoslavia was a godfather. Above are Major and the Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper-Key and their two sons

her hands full these days. Several nights a week she does a four-hour shift in a factory, and in her own home—now a flat in Cadogan Place—she does all the cooking.

### Out and About

ONE of the smartest women in London these days is surely Madame Wellington Koo, wife of the Chinese Ambassador. She was lunching the other day at the Ritz with Col. Jacques Balsan. Others there included Mrs. Bulteel, who was with Lady Kimberley; the Spanish Ambassador—known among his English friends of long-standing as "Jimmy"—who was the guest of honour at a long table, where I saw Admiral Stark, Mr. Ward Price, Mrs. June de Trafford (wearing Red Cross uniform) and several others; Winifred, Duchess of Portland and Mary, Lady Howe—both Edwardian beauties and still as lovely as ever; Miss Monica Sheriffe (wearing M.T.C. uniform); and, among crowds of school-children who were being shepherded by rather anxious and worried-looking mammas, Mrs. Amery, who was with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Rodney. Also in town were Capt. and Mrs. Michael Angus (she was Miss Christian Grant); the Hon. Mrs. John Stourton, wearing a minute black cap on the summit of her red curls; Mr. Nick

Bankier with Mr. Johnnie Holbeach; and Mr. Derek Stanley Smith (now departed on a new job as Flag-Lieutenant), who was with Lord Lymington (also of the Royal Navy); and, last but by no means least, Major Ian Smith. He is now a Deputy-Director of Ordnance with the Polish Forces, and says it is a grand job, for he finds the Poles intensely "rugger-minded." Major Ian Smith spent a few days at the May Fair recently. He will be remembered by many thousands of "fans" as the "Flying Scotsman." He was captain of the Scots Rugby team which won the Calcutta Cup, and in his day was perhaps the greatest three-quarter Scotland has ever produced.

### A Great Sportsman

ANOTHER great sportsman, the Earl of Lonsdale, is now in his eighty-seventh year. News of him came from Lady (Cecil) Lowther, who was up in town for a visit to her doctor the other day and had tea at the Guards' Club, where, incidentally, the hall porter is now a charming, white-haired woman. Lady Lowther has been staying with Lord Lonsdale recently at the Stud House, Barley Thorpe. He is well, and still has his dogs about him—a golden Labrador, a black-and-white sheep dog, and his particularly devoted

fox terrier Dot, who never leaves his side. There are also three lovely ponies, one his beautiful Merlin, on which Lord Lonsdale used to be such a familiar figure about Newmarket. He still drives a pony-cart and is very keen on his garden, which he superintends entirely himself.

### Coming of Age

A FAMILY gathering at the charming flat of Princess Wolkonsky celebrated the coming-of-age of Count Michael Tolstoy. Among those who came to offer their congratulations were the Duke of Alba and his daughter; the Archduke Robert; Prince George Galitzine and his fiancée, Baroness Anne-Marie Winterstein-Gillespie (they were married a day or two later at Caxton Hall), and many of the Russian relatives of the hostess's late husband now in London.

### Hornpipe to "Hamlet"

ONE of the hardest-working people in the theatre during the last week or so has been Robert Helpmann, his activities ranging from a hornpipe to *Hamlet*. The hornpipe was arranged for *Seascope* at the Albert Hall, and was danced by half-a-dozen members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet. *Hamlet* will not be seen  
(Concluded on page 376)



### Round the Restaurants: Two Tablesful at the Bagatelle

Lt.-Cdr. Thomas Thistlethwayte, R.N.V.R., was snapped with his wife at dinner one night. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Buckland, and was married in 1930. They have three sons



Swache

Amongst the young people dining out was the Earl of Kimberley, entertaining Miss Diana Leigh. Lord Kimberley is nineteen, and succeeded his father, who died through enemy action, in 1941



## “Dogs of Britain”

Benefit by the Dog Show,

Fête and Gymkhana

Held at Ferne House, Shaftesbury



The Duchess of Hamilton performed the opening ceremony. Others in the picture are Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Saville, Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Wilson, Miss Lind, and (behind) the Duke of Hamilton

The Duchess of Hamilton opened the very successful fête, which raised over £50 for the “Dogs of Britain” Section of the Red Cross Agriculture Fund, and in particular for the Ferne Animal Sanctuary, where hundreds of animals belonging to men and women in the Services are cared for. There was a dog show, mounted gymkhana, parade of animals, children's races and a variety of side-shows, while the Berwick Brass Band provided the music. A display of singing and dancing was given by the children of the Ferne War Nursery Waifs and Strays

Photographs by  
Bealing, Shaftesbury



Malcolm Drummond-Hay, a previous competitor in the mounted fancy-dress event, enjoyed himself in the wheelbarrow race



Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay was busy getting her daughter, Jane, and the pony ready for the fancy-dress event. She is the Duke of Hamilton's sister



Watching the proceedings were the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, with F/Sgt. Wilson, R.A.A.F., seated between them. The Duchess was formerly Lady Elizabeth Percy, and is the elder sister of the Duke of Northumberland





There were some useful-looking traps in the driving class. Jane Drummond-Hay is driving the white pony



Prizewinners in the driving class were Mrs. R. S. V. Siveright and her daughter, Elizabeth. Mrs. Parkes is in the second trap



Capt. Stedham pushed Lady Weymouth without undue effort in the wheelbarrow race. Lady Weymouth's pony was less unwillling than some



Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, Lady Wilson and Mr. Cecil Beaton were judging the fancy-dress competitors. Lady Malcolm is the wife of the Duke of Hamilton's second brother, and was formerly Miss Pamela Bouves-Lyon



The Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, who arranged the fête, took part in the parade of animals from the Ferne Sanctuary. She is the chairman of the Executive Council of the Animal Defence Society



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Now, one would think, would be the time for the science boys to discover the secret of the Greek Fire which made the Byzantine Empire master of the Mediterranean for some centuries.

It was the invention of some very early Brock of Syria named Kallinikos, and the Byzantine chemists made it the terror of the seas. It was used not only in bombs but projected from siphons in a blasting rain which destroyed whole fleets and demoralised all the enemies of Byzantium, the Arabs especially. Nobody knows the chemical formula of the Greek Fire, or how far the history boys have lied; but its moral effect was tremendous during the early Middle Ages, and modern military flame-throwing seems to be like Christmas Eve at the Saveloy in comparison.

Greek cunning (an educated chap was telling us) overcame Semitic subtlety in an even more interesting manner, psychologically speaking. When the Arabs conquered Egypt the Pharos of Alexandria, that historic 600-ft. lighthouse, became a menace to Byzantine shipping. So one night a Greek spy came to the Caliph and whispered that there was a huge mass of gold buried under the foundations of the Pharos. Even the Island Race has never brought anything historic to the ground with more feverish zing, apparently.

## Check

PROPOS damage, the antiquaries have been raising Cain over the increasing destruction of Hadrian's Wall, which the

locals are quarrying for their own base uses.

The Wall being one of the principal historic monuments in this country, such a procedure is not remarkable when one remembers the fate of those glorious great abbeys, Fountains, Rievaulx, Tintern, Glastonbury and a score more, not to speak of Adelphi Terrace. A Harley Street specialist once told us this rage for degrading and abolishing the august, historic, and beautiful is a demonstration of racial sex-repression, due to unbalanced pituitaries and thyroids. Natural delicacy forbids our discussing this, and anyway somebody—"it does seem a pity," as a Government architect remarked—has woken up the Ministry of Works in the matter of Hadrian's Wall.

It's the snails we're concerned about now, since Our Dumb Chums' League apparently scorns to notice such humble friends of man.

The snails who live on Hadrian's Wall are the lineal descendants of the snails imported and bred by the Roman Legions. This particular *cochlearium*, fed mainly on vineleaves, supplied the officers' messes and the tables of the local Governor and other Roman notables. When you think of this unique living link with Rome and the Eagles being destroyed by the Wall, do you ever long to beat the bowlerhatted yahoos of Northumbria over the mazzard with their own pickaxes? No? Our mistake.



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

"Here on the right, we have the spoor of the Fallow Deer, and on the left, that of Corporal Muggs of the Home Guard"

## Prophet

A CHAP talking about minor historic documents of this war reminded us of one we cherish ourselves—the last number (June 1940) of the *Revue de Paris*, containing the first and only serial instalment of Somerset Maugham's *Christmas Holiday*.

The Germans had just broken through and the Allied line was cracking and giving way everywhere. The editorial article by Henry Bidou is a jewel of optimism:

"The vanquished of the morning may be the victor at night. Marengo was lost until three o'clock in the afternoon. Dettingen was already won when a mad charge lost it. The opening of the battle of Friedland was difficult. Even at Austerlitz a regiment was broken. The uncertainty of military fortune always leaves reason for hope. . . . The Germans are at the mercy of a defeat and are furiously exploiting a success which may be real or false. . . . Despite the heaviness of the blows, we look with confidence at the figures."

M. Bidou meant the figures by which the statisticians were proving that Germany couldn't stand the pace much longer. Ever since the war began the statisticians have been proving it, and some day of course they'll be right.

## Footnote

OUR OWN Min. of Economic Warfare, if you ask us, was foolish a little time ago to drop that familiar theme-song about Germany's having no more oil. Why it suddenly lost its nerve nobody knows, unless some tiny blonde actress had begun taunting it.

"You and your old German oil! Coo, you don't look half soppy!"

"Don't say that, little girl."

"Everybody's laughing at you if you only knew it."

"If you only knew how that hurts."

"Well, it's not much fun for a girl like I, being seen around with gentlemen that make saps of themselves."

"Er-ehrm. What about the Berkeley?"

"I don't care where we lunch so long as you lay off that old oil stuff, making a girl look silly."

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# Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies

Phyllis Stanley—a Cochran Discovery—  
and Daughter Susabelle—His Godchild



*A Paddling Act for Two*

Phyllis Stanley, the very gifted young actress, dancer and singer, is in private life the wife of F/Lt. Hugo Rignold. Their young daughter, Susabelle, is now seventeen months old and has been spending the summer months at Maidenhead. Her father, whom she has not yet seen, is in the Middle East. He is conductor of the Cairo Symphony Orchestra and organises all the Services' dance orchestras for the Forces out there. Phyllis Stanley, in company with many other now famous stars, started her career seriously when she became one of Mr. Cochran's "Young Ladies." Since then she has progressed far both on stage and screen as a dramatic actress, cabaret artiste, dancer and singer



*"Sitting on the Fence" by Phyllis Stanley*

*Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick*



*"Singing in the Bath Tub" by Susabelle Rignold*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

They reluctantly laid off, anyway. One day somebody will say casually to them: "I see Germany has no more oil," and will those boys be red!

## Game

COMPLAINTS to Auntie *Times* about London busdrivers who are having a grand new game with the populace by sailing deliberately past stopping-places are increasing. Not one of Auntie's little readers suggests a reason for this game. It's probably just ordinary malice, as Arnold Bennett noted about Paris cabdrivers.

"On a wet night," Bennett remarked bitterly, from personal experience, "the cabman revenges himself on the bourgeoisie, even though the base satisfaction may cost him money." Similarly, we guess, busdrivers don't speed past because they're late, or abstracted, or because they have a date with an enchantress, but simply because they've taken a dislike to the round, dumb Island pan, like Professor Sir Walter Raleigh. We've noticed them scowling more than once. They're on the wrong side to spit effectively, and if they refrain from the offensive gestures of disdain common to Paris cabdrivers, it's probably because they're too bored. And to some extent (except when catching a bus) we sympathise. There's not much difference between the busdriver saying to himself "Let's run past those pie-faced so-and-so's" and Haydn saying to himself "Let's give those blubber-headed whatnots the shock of their lives"—which Papa Haydn proceeded to do in the "Surprise" Symphony, you recollect, by lulling the saps to dreams and waking them suddenly with a terrific fortissimo bang. Even the public itself gets annoyed at times with its homely pan. It used to be edifying at French country fairs to watch the *jeu de massacre* and to perceive the ferocious zest with which the populace hurled missiles at painted faces exactly resembling its own.

Having played his trick on the citizenry the London busdriver doubtless feels refreshed and rested. With a little imagination he could get even more out of it, such as tossing *Times* readers in the queue a handful of ants'-eggs as he shoots by.

## Reaction

RECENT mewing noises from R enthusiasts who want the Island Race to get chummy with the neutral Turks (no easy job) remind us of the petulant cry of a poetic P.E.N. Club girl during an international literary jamboree at Istanbul in the good old days. Standing on the Galata Bridge and pointing with her umbrella this dishevelled sweetheart exclaimed:

Just look at all those hairy Turks a-sailing on the Bosphorus—One almost feels, Miss Gurgle, that they do not give a tosporus!

This was literally true, and moreover a generation or so earlier the frightful girl and her buddies would have been spat

upon by all True Believers. Kemal Ataturk, the Grey Wolf, abolished this, with other traditional Ottoman rites. "If you see a Giaour haybag with inky fingers and untidy stockings," said Kemal, "just touch wood, as her countrymen do."

## Rap

IN British music-schools, a critic complains, violin pupils are told about "imaginary muscles," whereas in foreign music-schools they get proper anatomical instruction.

Obviously instrumental artists should know all about certain muscles, just as singers know all about the vocal chords and the diaphragm, an organ they sometimes develop to a powerful degree—compare Caruso, who by standing still and taking a single deep breath could send a concert-grand pianoforte sliding yards over a polished floor. Another trick of Caruso's, showing anatomical knowledge was pinching ladies playfully on the bustle, for which he once got into trouble in Central Park, New York; but you know what tenors are, more coloratura than *comme-il-faut*. In orchestras this censure often applies to the woodwind, who are said to be fond during string-passages of seizing and dandling girl harpists on their knees. The red licentious eyes of oboes are the first thing a girl harpist is warned by Mumsie to avoid on entering the orchestral underworld, and most decent conductors so place them, also, that the hot breath of clarinets is not scorching their virginal necks as they bend to take a sock at the arpeggi. In pieces by (e.g.) Debussy and Ravel with frequent harp-passages this is a necessary precaution, except as regards the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, which Trainer Boulton



"Porteuse!"

has broken in so thoroughly that the most libertine of those boys dare not bat an eyelid.

## Footnote

IN the old days girl harpists often kept oboes at bay during a performance by throwing a Union Jack over themselves. Nowadays they are taught jiu-jitsu in many music-schools, hence if you see one of these girls on the woodwind's knee during a Beethoven symphony you know she has cast Mumsie's teaching to the winds, the impressionable little fool.

## Chum

SCHOOLMASTERS say Heinrich Himmler derives his cold brutality from having been a poultry-farmer. Poultry-farmers say he derives his sadistic gambols from having been a schoolmaster.

Maybe the schoolmasters are right for once. The cruel faces of hens and their vicious habits make good study for a killer's career. If hens suddenly grew ten feet high, as in Wells's *Food of the Gods*, they'd establish a reign of terror no Nazi has yet dreamed of. A chap we know is so haunted by the fear of hens that he will suddenly dive into a taxi in Piccadilly on seeing some smart womanly face in the crowd. More than once he has been asked to leave the Commons gallery for emitting a low shuddering moan when some Parliamentary Glamour Girl rose to speak. Harley Street calls it gallinophobia, or Grummitt's Lesion, and attributes it as usual to Ole Debble Sex. Actually he has no sex-life at all, being an Australian.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Viva Churchill—viva Roosevelt—viva 2nd Lt. Smith, yes?"



# Down on the Farm Up North



*Mrs. Michael Cox and Friends*

It has been said that "farmers fatten most when famine reigns." Be that as it may, during four years of war, with possible starvation staring us in the face, it is largely due to the magnificent efforts of landowners and farmers in Great Britain that we still enjoy such a high standard of living. Mr. Michael Cox, laird of Easter Denoon, in Angus, works hard in the good cause, cultivating some 1200 acres and raising a variety of livestock. Mrs. Cox, a daughter of Brig.-Gen. C. A. Lyon, gives her husband some very valuable help



*Unloading the Sheep at Easter Denoon, Angus*



*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cox Take a Rest at the End of the Day*



*Fattening Up the Calf*



*Mrs. Cox at the Controls*



# "The Wingless Victory"

The Work of a Distinguished American Dramatist  
is Introduced to London Audiences



*Ruel: "Look out the window; there's a ship coming in with a star on every masthead"*

*News of the return of the prodigal son is brought to the McQuestion household by Ruel (Clement Ashby), the youngest son of the family. He points out the in-coming ship to Phineas, his eldest brother (Andre Van Gyseghem), Phineas's wife (Anne Trego), his mother (Mary Merrall), and a friend of the family (Rachel Kempson)*



*Nathaniel: "We never were much for kissing house, but God, how I'm glad to see After seven years' absence Nathaniel McQuestion home. The welcome he receives is austere. His natural reserve is heightened by her fear that rumour may be true. (Mary Merrall, Manning)*

*The Wingless Victory is the work of Mr. Maxwell the distinguished American dramatist. It was first in New York with Miss Katharine Cornell in the lead. Mr. Bernard Delfont, who presents the play in London, has chosen Miss Wanda Rotha as his leading lady, and a dramatic performance is given by her as the Princess, a Malayan married to a white man. The play deals with the most controversial subject—the colour bar. It tells the home-coming of a successful South Seas trader with his wife to the narrow, bigoted community of Salem in 1800, of her struggle to win the friendship and respect of the townsfolk, of her failure and subsequent suicide. The play is produced by Michael Redgrave, with settings*



*Faith: "If you still loved me, and I'd married a black—how would you think of me?"*

*A year at home teaches Nathaniel he has failed. The townsfolk will accept his money, but will recognise neither he nor his wife. He seeks explanation from his old sweetheart. (Rachel Kempson, Manning Whiley)*



*Ruel: "Suppose Nathaniel had stolen the ship?"*

*Happy: "Why, that's piracy"*

*Happy Penny, a sailor met on the waterfront, tells Ruel of the whisperings of the townspeople concerning Nathaniel. (Clement Ashby, Danny Green)*

*Oparre: "I*

*Led by their I  
of his ship  
away. (M*





Oparre: "This is my prayer, the prayer of the Princess Oparre, spoken to the Christ"

Nathaniel's wife finds an empty welcome awaiting her in her husband's home. She has entered by the wrong door—an unlucky omen in her country. She kneels with the elder of her two daughters and prays to the God of the white man. (Natasha Wills, Wanda Rotha)

Photographs by John Vickers



are best. You vouchsafe no pity to the alien. . . . I have been a princess and at gladly now"

, the townspeople have won the day. With Nathaniel's money in their hands, the log-book of how he acquired it—in their possession, they force him to send his wife and children Parver Penna, Douglas Quayle, Andre Van Gyseghem, Wanda Rotha, Manning Whiley)



Phineas: "There's an odour in the house, Mother—like incense"

Mrs. McQuestion: "It's her perfume"

Phineas, strong in his narrow, bigoted beliefs, has no welcome for his new sister-in-law. Hatred fills his heart. Courtesy is unknown to him. (Wanda Rotha, Andre Van Gyseghem, Mary Merrall)



Oparre: "I loved you and died because I loved you. . . . Is any death better than to give your life for your love?"

Cast out by her husband, Oparre takes the course dictated by her tribe. She poisons herself, her children and her servant. Nathaniel realises what he has done too late. Oparre dies in his arms. (Manning Whiley, Wanda Rotha)





Fred Daniels

## Builders of Britain's Film Prestige

It is now some five years since the unique combination of producer Michael Powell and script-writer Emeric Pressburger came into being. The work of these two men, who have together produced such films as *One of our Aircraft is Missing*, *49th Parallel* and *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, has already done much to further the prestige of the British film industry all over the world, a fact signified by the recent high award of the "Oscar" by the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to Mr. Emeric Pressburger for *49th Parallel*, which was voted the best film script of 1942. Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger are now working on location on a new film, *A Canterbury Tale*, which will tell of four modern pilgrims—a British Tommy, an American soldier, an English landed gentleman and a Land Girl, and of their pilgrimage to the ancient cathedral town. Emeric Pressburger describes the film as "a tale of four modern pilgrims, of the old road which runs to Canterbury, and of the English countryside, which is eternal"





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### Britain's Volunteer Ferry Crews

Capt. Vyeyan Drury, Capt. Simon and Lord Hillingdon are three of the men who ferry small craft to all parts of the world. All the ferry crews are volunteers between the ages of seventeen and seventy, acting under Admiralty authority

### White City's Gift to the Red Cross

A cheque for £3000, the proceeds of the athletic meeting at the White City Stadium last month, was handed to Sir James Grigg, Secretary for War, by Mr. Francis Gentile, Chairman of the Stadium. The gift was for service charities and Red Cross funds

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### A Badly Needed Guide

ON behalf of a large number of other grossly ignorant persons, I put forward a plea for the publication of a little phonetic guide, or handbook, to the pronunciation of Russian place-names so that we can follow more intelligently the course of Marshal Stalin's safari to Berlin. It is found that even expert Welsh linguists are defeated by a geographical bearing beginning with "brsk" and ending with "off." If, as some of us suspect is most probable, "brsk" should be pronounced "buzz," it would help us tremendously if we were told definitely. Even Chinese geography seems to us child's play by comparison. This guide is particularly needed vis-à-vis some impending puzzles the answers to which, in view of the fact that we have only one disclosed stayer, I do not pretend to know.

### Which Is It?

ACCORDING to the degree of the pronouncer's erudition, one Russian word is spoken in many ways, *videlicet*: Zarayvitch, Sizzerwitch, Caesarwitch, Seezareewitch, Sarrywitch, Seizeharowitch. Now which "witch" should it be?

### Nodding Again

A *Times* correspondent recently in the Toe of Italy, from which the Eighth Army has given the enemy the boot, says:—

To a man with the remains of a classical education it was a slight shock to find Scilla such a light-hearted place.

Isn't that just like that feller Homer? Always a dashed sight too fond of shooting a line—and showing off? According to him, Scylla was a most obnoxious female with six heads, each with a long neck, a mouth like a shark with three rows of sharp teeth, and she barked like a dog. She was also, according to Homer, a cattle-rustler. A contemporary artist, working in the Agrigentum Mint, is not half so unkind. True, he makes her a bit plain about the head, but the rest of her is not too bad, and, anyway, a lot better than Homer said. The above is not written in any spirit of revenge for former injustices in the shape of demands that I should copy out long portions of the poet's works with accents, but merely to suggest that he cannot have been any judge of female loveliness.

### Chocolate Soldiers

THE most vivid of the memories I have retained of Trieste, that very beautiful Adriatic seaport which, together with Fiume and Pola, the Germans are now said, to have occupied, is of Chocolate Soldiers straight out of that musical comedy; a super-good lobster restaurant; some excellent white wine very frappée; the canal and its country boats laden down to the Plimsoll with very good and cheap fruit, flowers and vegetables! These seemed to be their only cargo, and whereas canals are not, as a rule, things of beauty, that one running down to the tideless sea was most emphatically so. The Chocolate Soldiers were provided by the Austrian Army. Their kit ranged through all the colours of the rainbow, and their arms and accoutrements were just as burnished as the ones on the stage. They formed an almost unbroken fringe to the big square which fronts on to Hadria, the Adriatic Sea, and the effect would have delighted every artist fond of high colour. The gaiety of the atmosphere was most infectious; bands, flags, fairies, sea and otherwise, all in the gladdest of rags. It may have been intended to be martial, but these chaps did not even look like soldiers, just upstanding chorus-boys with a most decorative sprinkling of chorus-girls. It only lacked Franz Lehar to come out and do a comper's job to make the musical-comedy illusion complete. But these troops, of which there must have been at least two infantry divisions, plus divisional cavalry and gunner trimmings, were not supposed to be there for show, for this was in August 1913, when everyone, excepting the political in Great Britain,

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### Prizewinners and Competitors in the Women's National Golf Tournament

The prize-winners were Mrs. E. Blackburn, Cpl. Jacqueline Gordon and Mrs. A. C. Critchley. Nearly one hundred leading women golfers competed at Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Course in the "Daily Sketch" national tournament

A great number of the women competing were members of the Services. Above are Mrs. Wardlaw, Miss Doris Chambers, in the British and American Ambulance Service; Miss Molly Gourlay, in the Women's Transport Auxiliary; and Miss Wanda Morgan, W.R.N.S.



## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

knew that the Germans were brewing a witches' cauldron, and that the Austrian frontier had to be held.

### Spies All Shapes and Sizes

AND most of them Germans. We had one with us on the Austrian-Lloyd ship from Bombay—a big, buck Hun, full of bonhomie, and very anxious for us to know that he was a commercial traveller in nitrates and had come all the way from Chile. He was not (though he was quite ignorant of the fact) travelling alone, for he had been taken over in Bombay by one of our own best sleuths, who had received him from the one who had picked him up in, I think, Saigon, or even farther east. The Bombay S.S. man told me just before he left on the same train for Freiburg, via Basle, as the Nitrate Merchant, that what that sportsman had really been up to was contacting all the "agents," mostly consuls and demi-mondaines, from Shanghai to the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. Our people had, so my friend said, got his dossier absolutely complete. He was probably someone worth watching. I never learnt his real name. His "purser's" name was



Capt. H. P. Lawrence, M.C.

Capt. George Holcombe Pearce Lawrence, Royal Horse Artillery, was awarded the M.C. in August, for three specified acts and for his continuous gallant work as a Forward Observation Officer in North Africa



Christened at an R.A.F. Station

Martin Edwards, baby son of G/Capt. and Mrs. M. B. Edwards, is seen in front with his mother and S/O. H. Johnston. Behind are S/Ldr. the Rev. R. C. O. Goodchild, G/Capt. Edwards, S/Ldr. J. E. Hunter, and F/Lt. W. K. Macfarlane

Bruckemann. To me he always looked lonesome without a Pickelhaube; very pleasant to meet; very insistent that Germany loved England as much as she hated France, and that the only way in which to stop all the sabre-rattling (by the French) was for the world's Finest Navy to link arms with the world's Finest Army, and tell the world to hold its tongue and do as it was told. The ship did not call at Pola, only Fiume for a few hours, and then straight to her home port, Trieste, which spot, our agent said, was crawling with the seekers after intelligence. Venice, he said, was even fuller. Anyway, Trieste, as I say, looked just like a musical comedy on the bust in the bright summer sun.

Anent spies, one thing which struck me was the hostility of the shopkeepers, all of them, I should say, Italians, if you asked for anything in German. They pretended not to understand that unlovely tongue: French was not much use to them, but the moment you fell back in desperation on English the atmosphere changed in a flash. One of the traders confided to me that they had to be "very careful" with anyone speaking German. He was probably an Italian agent. All the hotel hall-porters, I am sure, were in The Game, but this is not at all unusual at any time anywhere. The same thing applies even more so to waiters any time anywhere. It would be a good thing if some people were more aware of this fact, particularly in wartime.

### A Cesspool

THIS is exactly what Trieste was; quite as bad as Port Said at its worst, and quite as unblushing about it. There was a musical comedy on at the quite sizable Opera House. I am not quite certain, but I think the piece was *Die Lustige Witwe*. During the interval the programme- and cigarette-girls toured the audience with photographically illustrated brochures giving full details and reference numbers of the ladies on the stage.

### What's Won It?

SEARCH me, stranger! It is not possible for me to know, because this has to be written and delivered a day or two before the Leger is run. I know what I think ought to have won, namely, the animal that has suffered least from the recent "'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer'" of all these winding-up gallops in public. I wonder whether any of these recent journeys were really necessary? If you know the answer to any given question, it seems a bit redundant to ask it twice. Furthermore, I would always prefer a horse to run a bit "jolly" than to run a bit jarred. The risk of the latter was very present. There are also those other risks of a race: the rough-house stuff which so often happens in public, but which can be eliminated in private. Personally, I should have been better pleased if none of them had risked it.



Captured on the Courses: by "The Tout"

Lt.-Col. Horsburgh-Porter, who crossed "The Tout's" line of vision when he came racing the other day, is in peacetime a crack polo player. Sir Richard Sykes owns a smart two-year-old filly in Dancing Goddess (Lambton), but is much better known to racing folk on account of his family's traditional association with the Sledmere Stud, yearlings from which have for generations been a feature of the Doncaster September Sales. William Hill, outstanding figure on the members' rails at every meeting, controls the S.P. office in Park Lane, and recently purchased the famous Whitsbury training establishment, formerly owned by the late Sir Charles Hyde, for £27,600. Major Arthur Bonsor, son of the late Sir Cosmo Bonsor, has had horses in training with Frank Hartigan for a number of years. He has never owned a more consistent performer than Sugar Palm. Mrs. Gasking owns fine sprinters in The Pale and Royal Phoenix, trained by Tommy Hall at Tadcaster, whose charges have a big following "oop North"



## On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

### Officers of an M.T.B. Flotilla

Front row : Lts. I. Trelacney, N. S. Gardner, Lt.-Cdr. P. G. C. Dickens, M.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Cdr. T. Kerr, R.N., Lts. J. Weeden, D.S.C., J. L. Fraser, T. Neill, D.S.C. Middle row : Lt. A. C. Jensen, Sub-Lts. B. H. Gerrard, G. N. Fish, Mid. E. H. Legat, Sub-Lts. (E.) D. L. Pickard, H. G. Franklin, R. Morgan, J. H. Saunders. Back row : Sub-Lts. R. Jefferson, G. D. Gill, A. J. Lee, G. J. Macdonald, D.S.C., R.N.Z.N.V.R., V. Ohlenschlager, K. E. Harris

Right : Front row : P/O. L. G. Searle, F/Os. R. M. Roy, J. A. Wright, F/Lts. W. R. Wells, A. G. Powell, J. Tweedale, J. A. Mackie, W/Cdr. T. N. Hayes, D.F.C., S/Ldr. G. R. Park, F/Lt. D. L. Hughes, S/Ldr. J. W. Allan, D.S.O., F/Lt. I. H. Rees, F/O. R. T. Peace, P/O. W. D. Proctor, F/O. C. H. Dickinson. Middle row : F/Os. B. S. Lush, R. M. Perks, J. A. Green, A. D. Sommerville, I. L. Cunningham, F/Lt. D. R. West, F/Os. J. R. Robinson, G. Osipkes, H. J. Davidson, D.F.C., G. S. Thomas, A. S. Kench. Back row : F/Lt. J. A. Carstairs, P/Os. P. Loutsis, H. J. Felton, F/Os. M. B. Vine, D. K. W. Picken, K. R. Hedderly, M. C. Mayall, R. A. Jones



### Staff Officers of an H.Q. Wing, R.A.F., West Africa Force

Front row : S/Ldr. C. S. Brown, W/Cdr. G. H. Stuart, G/Capt. J. Constable-Roberts, S/Ldr. D. Prosser, S/Ldr. W. Easton. Middle row : F/Lt. Thompson, F/O. Wyatt, F/O. R. Brown, F/Lt. W. McCann, F/Lt. G. H. Roberts, F/Lt. J. A. James, F/Lt. A. Pearson, F/O. I. Gordon. Back row : F/Lt. J. J. Higgins, Mr. Baignent, A.M.D.W., F/Lt. McCutcheon, F/O. Heaton, F/Lt. A. H. Crane-Barnes, F/O. C. H. R. Wade



### A Fighter Command Squadron Somewhere in England



D. R. Stuart

### Officers of an R.A.F. Station

Front row : F/Lt. R. G. C. Browning, S/Ldr. D. H. Mortimore, W/Cdr. H. C. Covell, G/Capt. F. V. Drake, M.C., S/Ldr. G. M. Palmer, F/Lt. T. A. John, F/Lt. E. S. Venning. Back row : F/Lt. R. B. Crombie, F/Lt. C. R. Pottinger, F/Lt. J. Connor, F/Lt. T. R. Key, F/Lt. A. A. B. Beeton, F/Lt. H. A. Ham



### Officers of an Air Staff Branch

Front row : A/S/O. D. M. Scarborough, S/Ldr. C. E. P. Suttle, F/Off. S. M. McCall, G/Capt. R. Reay-Jones, S/O. J. E. M. Edwards, S/Ldr. R. W. Nicholson, S/O. M. K. Cameron. Back row : Capt. J. Foley, F/O. J. M. Hill, F/Lt. G. N. Paxton, W/Cdr. H. P. Johnston, W/Cdr. E. G. Bunce Phillips, W/Cdr. J. R. Maling, A.F.C., F/Lt. C. A. Jordan, F/Lt. L. B. Dickinson



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Intrepid Photographer

**G**EORGE RODGER, photographer-author of *Red Moon Rising* (Cresset Press; 12s. 6d.), has been said, by the American magazine on whose staff he is, to have "gone to more sweat and pain to get a few pictures than any other photographer." Unquestionably, the pictures here were worth getting. Beauty and terror, action and repose, unconscious humour and wordless tragedy alternate in the pages of *Red Moon Rising*, which tells from one man's angle—but what an angle!—the story of the Burma campaign.

To some of the photographs—for instance, "Rangoon deserted," "Buddhist temple burned out by incendiaries," the battle-shots "On the banks of the Sittang," the "Fisherman on Inlé Lake," the Indian refugee groups on the road to Prome, the twisted, misty views of the Burma Road, and "Fires reflected in the lake of Pinyinmana"—one goes back and back. Mr. Rodger has captured the unimaginable: here are the grim actualities of warfare set on a background that somehow belongs to dreams.

He has aimed to write only of what he saw.

Most campaigns [he says] have books written about them—critical books, serious scientific books and official war books. There were men in Burma, fellow-correspondents and official observers, more fitted than I to reflight the battles, to criticise the strategy, and to forecast future effects of the campaign on the general picture of global war. Therefore I, as a war photographer and no journalist, leave to them the writing of history. . . .

Simply and non-committally, therefore, is told this tale of the man with the camera—from the first arrival, by 'plane, outside Rangoon, to the last phases of the escape on foot from Burma through the Naga country to Assam. His not to reason why (or to criticise); his but to do (which meant photograph) or die. Pity he did allow himself—and not in active pity, for he rendered aid to the wounded, to the people trapped in the burning ruins of what had been smiling towns. But this was no time or place to indulge in feeling, waste energy or throw judgments about. He looked on everyone round him as putting up the best show they could—sometimes in stoicism, sometimes in heroism. And, before all, his photographs must be got.

## Contrasts

**M**R. RODGER conveys to us, both in print and pictures, the sensation of arriving in a strange country that is, at the same time, in the grip of a crisis. He was by now, it is true, a seasoned campaigner: neither travel nor war came new to him. But he must be one of those people who never lose their sensitiveness to impressions. He can therefore make us see, feel and smell Burma—Burma as herself, not just as a scene of war. The scents of magnolia and jasmine, the sweet, cool mornings, the songs of birds, the flowery villages,

the impassive villagers in their strangely elegant clothes, the girls with their parasols straying from shop to shop, the market scenes, temples, archways over the streets—all these are shown first in their peaceful beauty. Then, war and destruction rush in, like a rising tide. We return, as Mr. Rodger returned, to these same towns and villages, after Japanese raids. Tranquillity and destruction could not, by both pen and camera, have been placed in more striking, and haunting, contrast. War here appears, most of all, as a dreadful anomaly.

*Red Moon Rising* is not, however, pitched in a tragic key. The story is vivid, coloured, exciting—and full of light relief. Jeeps—for this was the mode of transport—and jeep-trouble are a recurrent theme. There is the memorable incident of the tin of baked beans. There is that hectic midnight stampede of released traffic along the loops of the Burma Road. A hill-country luxury hotel, above battle-level, provides for war-stained reporters an idyll of dazzling gardens, chaises longues, steaming baths and iced drinks. Here Tozer—a colleague lost sight of for several days—is come upon (a dusty blot on the elegance), twirling a daisy and humming a hymn. . . . The technical difficulties that Mr. Rodger, as photographer, had to contend with during his time in Burma were numerous, and are interestingly described. Undeveloped negatives were not allowed, for censorship reasons, to leave the country, and supplies for developing ran out. As more and more bases were lost and air routes closed, the problem of finding safe and, if possible, speedy transport to New York for the precious pictures became frenzied.



Bertram Park

**Lady Jones**, well known as Enid Bagnold, the writer, is the wife of Sir Roderick Jones. Her first play, "Lottie Dundass," is now running at the Vaudeville Theatre in London, while her book, "National Velvet," was recently broadcast, with the authoress as narrator. She has four children and lives in Sussex.

As a picture-book *Red Moon Rising* could stand alone. As a narrative it is, in its way, unique.

## Problem Daughter

**T**HE return of an erring daughter to a conventional home is the promising subject of Rosalind Wade's new novel, *The Pride of the Family* (Cassell; 10s. 6d.). Sixteen years ago Alison Palfrey acted, in her relatives' view, outrageously—she became an unmarried mother. She had added to this offence by her haughty refusal to treat with her family: being young at the time, she had not even given them the chance to stand by her, as they might (the story suggests) have done. Thus, wounded as well as outraged feelings have to be met when she does at last come home.

Lady Palfrey, dowager mistress of the manor, summarises her daughter's behaviour as "bad taste," and that, where she is concerned, is final. Miss Adelaide Palfrey, the intellectual aunt, reacts to it in a totally different way: it was she who had, years ago, supported her niece's desire for independence and made it possible for her to go to college instead of leading the life of a débutante. Naturally, Miss Adelaide was annoyed when Alison threw away a promising career for what seemed nothing more than a love escapade. Alison's brother, Cuthbert, and his wife feel less rigidly; they are prepared to let bygones be bygones, save Alison's face for her and welcome her home, but, unfortunately, money trouble crops up: Alison wants to reclaim at least a part of what had been her father's

(Concluded on page 376)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

**H**ETTY, the barmaid of our local, still preserves the Ed-

wardian tradition of barmaids. She has massive hips, an immense bust, and her hair, preternaturally golden, is piled on her head like clusters of gregarious sausages. I believe that years ago Hetty lost her "character." At any rate, an elderly man visits her from time to time whom she calls her "uncle," and he certainly looks as if in the years long past he had suffered from an affliction order. This affliction order, however, is now in the Army and sports a pip. Hetty calls him her sister's child, but we, being highly moral by intention and somewhat low by preference, simply don't believe a word! We like to think that Hetty, misreading Mother's advice, fought desperately for her Honour after she had lost it, but not before. "Uncle" even protested that she hadn't got it with her when they first met.

But we rather like Hetty and can't stand the sight of her "uncle." He looks like a traveller in insecticide. So we prefer to believe that Hetty once placed her good name in his hands and he swore to defend it with his Life's Blood . . . but failed to tell her he was anæmic! She has held a very poor view of mankind ever since. Even now, when she lives in not the slightest danger from attack, her manner towards strange gentlemen who enter the bar is as one who fully expects to die rather than surrender.

And now the mighty are fallen and Hetty, in vulgar parlance, has had the push! The bar has changed its manage-

ment and to-morrow a woman will be in charge.

Hetty had survived triumphantly through several changes in the male line of accession, but for one who has been, as one may say, the Toast of Bookmakers from birth, woman-in-charge is to meet her "Waterloo." Poor Hetty has met it. Yet she is undaunted still! She stands with arms akimbo, her bosom rising and falling like a succession of spring tides, and swears she has been the victim of a plot! That her bar is dirty, that she talks to customers she likes rather than serve those whom she does not like, that she herself is too ignorant of modern needs to know a cocktail from a cockle, are to her so many emissions of a jealous and filthy mind. Her bar, she asserts furiously, is perfect, and she is perfect in her bar. Her voice rises as her wrongs are multiplied. The gregarious sausages shake above her in wild agitation.

Yet we who know Hetty realise that all the accusations against her are true! We are secretly glad that she is going, but, nevertheless, we will acclaim her as she departs. We see in her the epitome of all those who, being entirely in the wrong, refuse to own it. Though their sins of commission and omission find them out, their conscience tells them that they have been the victim of machinations! They will hold up the Day of Judgment, but they will surely add to its excitement. Even in earthly life they hypnotise us by the proclamation of their virtues—proclamations which convince nobody, but still hold us spellbound.





**Mathews — Otter**

Capt. Marmaduke J. Mathews, 24th Lancers, son of the late M. A. Mathews and Mrs. Mathews, of Croford Mills, Milverton, Somerset, married Susan Otter, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Otter, of Royston Manor, Notts., and Grinston, Norfolk, at St. Botolph's, Grinston



**Strange — Matthias**

Lt. Seymour Strange, R.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Strange, of the Corner Cottage, Sunninghill, Ascot, married Dilys Matthias, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Matthias, of Ferndown, Dorset, at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



**Pertwee — Bartlett**

F/Lt. William Rex Pertwee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Pertwee, of Eastergate, Chichester, and Peggy Valentine Bartlett, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bartlett, of Old Timbers, Cockfosters, Herts., were married at Christ Church, Cockfosters

## Getting Married

### The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



*Slater, Newmarket*

**Clark — Darling**

Capt. R. G. Clark, 23rd Hussars, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Clark, of Lotheden House, Braintree, and Diana Darling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Darling, of Warren Place, Newmarket, were married at Moulton Church, Newmarket



**Sansome — Hall**

Pay/Lt. C. H. W. Sansome, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. Harry Sansome and the late Mrs. Sansome, of Darlington, and Patricia Hall, only daughter of Mrs. Hall, of Mill House, Overstrand, Norfolk, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



**Armstrong — Cluff**

F/Lt. Alexander Robert Armstrong, R.A.F., of Sandymount, Dublin, eldest son of the late R. Armstrong and Mrs. Armstrong, married Frances Margaret Cluff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cluff, of Kildress House, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, at Kildress Parish Church



*Charles, Hove*

**Gentry — Martin**

Sub-Lt. (A.) Bryen Aubrey Gentry, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gentry, of Maldine, Highgate, married 3rd/O. Martin, W.R.N.S., only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Martin, of Manor House, Southwick, Sussex, at Kingston Church



**Snowden — Paterson Brown**

Major Arthur Chaplin Snowden, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, son of the late R. C. Snowden and Mrs. Snowden, of Windlesham Cottage, Surrey, married Vivienne Paterson Brown, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. Paterson Brown, of Pillochry, Perthshire, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



**Webber — Garrett**

Lt./Eng. Roy Hugh Webber, R.N., son of Lt./Eng. and Mrs. F. H. Webber, of Gillingham, Kent, married Prudence Garrett, daughter of the late Dr. Garrett and Mrs. Garrett, of Oak Avenue, Chichester, at Chichester Cathedral



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 361)

until early in the new year, but Helpmann, who is devising the production, as well as acting the Prince of Denmark, has already plenty to do on it. Between these two extremes come regular appearances at the New, dashes to Denham, where *Henry V.* (in which Helpmann is appearing as the Bishop of Ely) is being filmed, and preliminary work on his "Yellow Book" ballet, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Two new members of the Sadler's Wells Company are a pair of very young, tawny-striped kittens. One, with hazel eyes, is called Hamlet; the other, blue-eyed, was called Comus until it was learnt that Ophelia would be a more appropriate name for her.

## Theatre News

THE first of twelve H. M. Tennent autumn productions is to be *Landslide*, which, by arrangement with Robert Donat, is going to be presented at the Westminster Theatre on October 5th for a five-weeks' season. *Landslide*, which has been directed by John Gielgud, was recently produced at the Cambridge Arts Theatre under the title of *Altitude: 14,000*, and it will give a chance to quite a number of young people, among them Dulcie Gray (who made such a hit in *Brighton Rock*). Other productions will include a new play by Daphne du Maurier—at the moment entitled *Return of the Soldier*; Eric Linklater's *Crisis in Heaven*; two new plays by Emyln Williams; and an unnamed play of the R.A.F. during the Battle of Britain by "Blake," the author of two best-sellers about the Air Force.

Robertson Hare, Basil Radford and Joyce Heron will be back in London very soon in a new farce, *She Follows Me About*, which is coming to the Garrick; *Fur Coat*, at the Comedy, celebrated its hundredth performance last week. Lydia Kyasht's Russian ballet—now four years old—is again at the Whitehall for a four-week season with three new ballets—*Katyusha*, with choreography by John Regan; *Marie Antoinette*, with Mozart's music and Catherine Marks's choreography; and *Heraldic*, a fantasy on the age of chivalry to Elgar's music, with choreography by Madame Kyasht's daughter, Lydia Kyasht, Junior.

## Fighter Pilots at Simpson's

A LUNCHEON held in honour of Battle of Britain pilots drew a large number of celebrities to Simpson's Services Club in Piccadilly. Sir John Anderson, who proposed a toast to the pilots, paid tribute to the magnificent organisation and staff work of Fighter Command under Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding. Lord Dowding, in reply, handed the honours to Lord Trenchard, the man who in the early days dug the foundations of the R.A.F. so deep and true that they withstood the fiercest attack of an all too-powerful enemy. He told a charming story of civilian morale. The porter at one of the Services Clubs is an ex-sergeant-major. On the day that France fell he was on duty as usual. A "doddering old general"—Lord Dowding's own words—came into the Club. "We're in a serious position," he said. "Oh, I don't know," said the ex-soldier. "We're in the final and we're on home ground, sir." G/Capt. "Sailor" Malan, who replied for the Fighter pilots, proposed a toast to "Absent Friends"—the men who will never return to base. Air Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh Mallory was there; so were W/Cdrs. J. Cunningham, R. B. Berry, G. A. Brown, Watkins, R. C. Haine, T. N. Hayes, E. W. Wootton, P. M. Brothers, A. C. Deere, and many other famous airmen, including pilots of all the Allied Nations who have joined with us in the common fight.



At a London Reception

Lady Wavell was present at the reception given by the Welcome Committee of the Overseas League, when her husband, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell, the new Viceroy of India, was the guest of honour. She is seen in this picture talking to Lady Louther

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 374)

money for her son. The three bachelor uncles—all the Palfrey dwellings encircle the village of Wendle, which the family owns—prove the most amenable: self-centred but kindly, they accept their niece's return, and ignore her story, with remarkably little fuss.

The neighbourhood is naturally much intrigued—what English country neighbourhood would not be? And, to make everything just more difficult, Alison's dead lover's widow, the odious Violet, lives within reach of Wendle and is to be met at parties.

The Alison who returns to the Palfrey circle is by no means pathetic apologetic or downcast. She is an attractive woman in her thirties, who has made a life for herself and regrets nothing. In London—the London to which she plans to return, for she is only at Wendle on holiday, after an illness—she has interesting work, a home, a circle of friends, and, above all, her beloved schoolboy son. It is only, indeed, for the sake of this boy, Lawrence, that she seeks to be reconciled with her family, for lately her friends have asked her, and she has asked herself, whether she has the right to cut Lawrence off from a background and advantages that he might enjoy. All the same, she has made up her mind not to yield an inch: she is convinced herself that she was not in the wrong. She regards herself as a widow—Charles Peters, Lawrence's father, had died abroad. He had planned to get his divorce and to marry her. He had also thrown up his career for her sake.

The merit of *The Pride of the Family*, as a novel, is that it is fair as well as interesting. The scales are not unduly or over-romantically tipped in Alison's favour. In fact, as the middle chapters (set back in time) relate the actual love-story, the scene was post-the-last-war Germany—a Rhineland town garrisoned by the British Army of Occupation—one is shown that the girl's behaviour was more than open to criticism. Lady Palfrey was not quite off the mark in suggesting that Alison, not Captain Peters, had been to blame.

Equally, the Palfrey family are not represented as either prigs or prudes. Both Lady Palfrey and Aunt Adelaide had had deep psychological reasons for their apparent harshness. Discoveries, in the course of her visit home, lead Alison to revise her view of herself and her past. But it takes the village doctor—plain-spoken at all times, and made still more so by love—to complete her lesson. There is a happy ending, but not till the very last page.

## Friendship

FRIENDSHIP between a man and an animal must always be hard to write about, because it is not an affair of words. It may be said, of course, that in friendship of any kind it is the tacit element that counts most. The less said about any really good thing, the better. Still, between human and human, words play their part, whereas, between human and animal, instinctive communications have to be found. I do, of course, know that dog lovers talk to dogs; also, that many claim that dogs can *practically* talk. With cats this illusion cannot be entertained. An elusive queerness underlies the cat-nature: one cannot expect it to toe the human line.

In *Charles: The Story of a Friendship* (Michael Joseph; 5s.): Michael Joseph writes of his Siamese cat. Charles, as an off-white, blue-eyed kitten, was first brought home from Thames Ditton, one August, by Mr. Joseph with a view to teaching the reigning tortoiseshell, Minna Minna Mowbray, that she was *not*, after all, the only cat in the world, and that there could be kittens other than hers—she had taken to behaving like a spoiled beauty. Charles, however, though small, was too much a cat in his own right to remain a mere instrument of domestic policy. Apart from the general strange grace he owed to his breed, his personality could be felt as unique.

To the friendship which lasted thirteen years (Charles's lifetime), both the cat and his master brought gifts of their own. Each lovingly tolerated the other's ways, neither expected the other to be what he was not. Even Charles's voice—the most doubtful pleasure, to many, of housing a Siamese cat—grew in dearth; his curtain-climbing was borne with; his stealing of food (not sly stealing, but calm and bold) was seen as an inherent part of his temperament. It is foolish, Mr. Joseph remarks, to lecture or punish cats for helping themselves to food: if you are as fussy as all that you should not keep them.

*Charles* is unsentimentally, sincerely, movingly written. It is, as it claims to be, the straight record of a friendship; and unless you not only hate cats but mistrust friendship, I do not see how the book can possibly leave you cold.

## Gooseflesh on the Ranch

MADEL SEELEY's danger, as a writer, is over-writing: she belongs to the hyper-feminine "If-I-had-only-known" school. Her latest detective novel, *Eleven Came Back* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), is, however, in spite of its hecticness, excellent. The harpy-hostess of an expensive Wyoming ranch comes to a bad end—and so does one of her guests. The night wind howls; the survivors behave suspiciously and feel wretched. A nice young couple steer their way through this mess.

## How Far Should Freedom Go?

"CONSTRUCTIVE DEMOCRACY" (Faber and Faber; 2s. 6d.) gives in printed form two lectures by John Macmurray. Read in the same week, this book links up in my mind with the implications of *County of London Plan*. The question raised is: "How can we pass from an unplanned to a planned economy without losing democracy in the process?" The distinction between cultural and economic freedom is interestingly drawn.





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By Appointment

# Schwepes

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*A Page for Women*  
by M. E. Brooke.



## ECONOMIES IN WARTIME

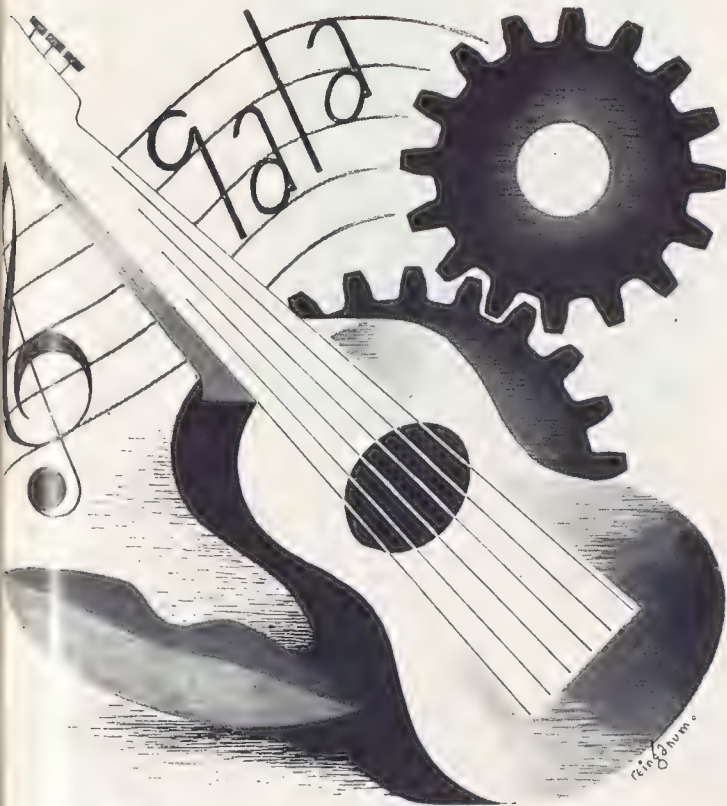


A trio of hats. Top right: emerald-green corded silk lined black velvet, with a veil. Top left: wine-coloured felt with Argus quills. Bottom left: a hat of chenille and ribbon. Swan & Edgar



A quartette of handbags. Pieces of antique Mandarin's coat have been used for above. There are no two alike. Peter Robinson





# MELODY

There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.

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*Left:*  
 Contrasting bands and bows of corded silk trim the jumper. The skirt is slim under the basqued peplum. Black/turquoise trimming, black/ice blue, black/ffame, black/self, brown/lime. Hips 35-38. (10 coupons.)

£16 . 14 . 8

Personal Shoppers Only.



*Right:*  
 Roléaux binds and bows on yoke and patch pockets, narrow tie belt, all of self material, give originality to the jumper. The skirt has fine pleats in front. Black or royal. Hips 35-39 (10 coupons.)

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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A TOURING American go-getter noticed a lazy Indian chief lolling at the entrance to his wigwam somewhere out west.

"Chief," remonstrated the go-getter, "why don't you get a job in a factory?"

"Why?" grunted the chief.

"Well, you could earn a lot of money. Maybe thirty or forty dollars a week."

"Why?" insisted the chief.

"Oh, if you worked hard and saved your money, you'd soon have a bank account. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Why?" again asked the chief.

"For heaven's sake!" shouted the exasperated go-getter. "With a big bank account you could retire, and then you wouldn't have to work any more."

"Not working now," pointed out the chief.

A SWEDISH industrialist who visited Berlin brought back this story of the temper of the German people.

A German conferred with the director of his bank. "I have saved one thousand marks. How can I best invest them?"

The director suggested war bonds. "Der Führer guarantees the security of your money."

"But Der Führer is mortal, too. If he dies what then?"

"Then Goering will be the guarantor of your money."

The client still protested. "Goering is a flyer. He might have an accident."

"Then," shouted the director, "you will have the whole Nazi party to be good for your money!"

The client was still unconvinced. "If the army is beaten, the party may also fall."

Thereupon the director leaned over and whispered: "Mein Gott, man, wouldn't that be worth to you one thousand marks?"

A "GOOFY" man had a cello with one single string and used to play on it for hours on end, always holding his finger in the same place. For months and months his wife had to listen to his excruciating noises. Finally, in desperation she said: "You know, I've noticed that other 'cellos have four strings, and the players move their fingers about all the time."

The man stopped his playing for a moment and said to his wife impatiently: "Of course the others have four strings and move their fingers about all the time. They are looking for the place. I've found it!"

THE late Justice Holmes once declared that human beings can always come to an agreement, if they only try long enough. And he cited the conversation of two Minnesota farmers who had not seen each other for a long time.

"Hello, Axel! What have you been doing?"

"I been in the hospital."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good. I married the nurse."

"That's good!"

"No, that's bad; she's got nine children."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good; she's got a big house."

"That's good!"

"No, that's bad; the house burned down."

"That's bad!"

"No, that's good; she burned up with the house."

"That's good!"

"Yes, that's good!"



Peter Clark

John Wyndham Pemberton, who with A. A. Dubens is presenting Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham in "Sweet and Low," is hoping to establish the Ambassadors' Theatre as the home of intimate revue in London. Although nearly blind, Mr. Pemberton has an unerring instinct in picking a potential star

A THEATRE in a small American town had a burglar alarm fitted in the box-office. You just had to press a pedal on the floor and a bell rang at police headquarters.

Two days after it was installed a gangster poked his gun through the box-office window and demanded the cash.

The girl pressed her foot on the pedal, stalled a bit, and then began to hand over the money.

At this point the phone bell rang. The gangster grabbed the receiver.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This is the police station, darn you!" said an angry voice. "Say, do you know you've got your foot on the pedal and we can't hear ourselves speak because of that blooming alarm bell!"

Two burglars had broken into a tailor's shop and were busy sorting out some suits when one of them saw one marked ten guineas.

"I say, Ben, look at the price on that one," he said. "Why, it's downright robbery!"

A YOUNG R.A.F. pilot was on leave. One day as he was strolling down a busy road, dressed in sports jacket and flannels, a grim-looking fellow eyed him coldly and handed him a white feather.

The young man looked at the feather in his hand and then at the woman.

"Pardon me, madam," he said very politely, "but are you moulting?"

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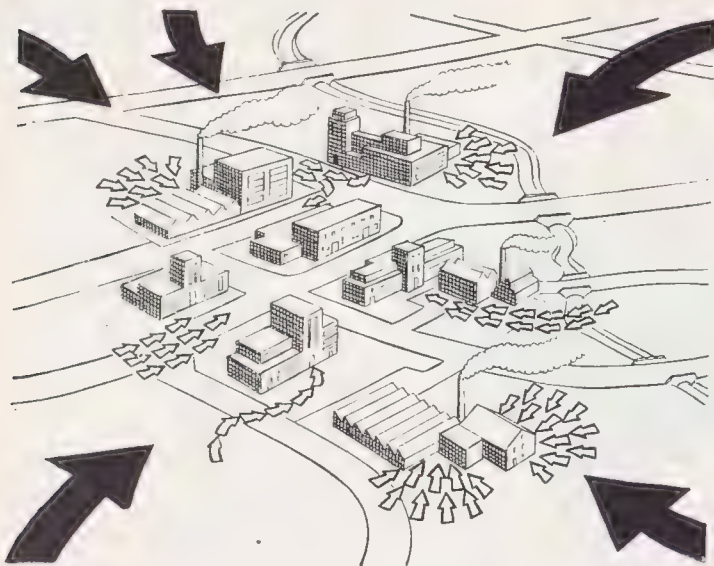
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**'CELANESE'**



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## The Strategy of Rat Control

Of all known methods of dealing with the menace of rats and mice, there is none that is not complicated by the rodents' suspicious nature and migratory habits. Carefully laid traps or poison may be rendered ineffective by suspicion; premises successfully brought under control re-infested through migration.

Recognizing these complications in the otherwise apparently straightforward task of de-infestation, the Ratin Company long ago realized the fundamental need of harnessing the skill of the scientist with the trained patience of the operator.

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Nor is that all. Obviously such a method cannot be implemented without a carefully matured plan—a plan conceived to meet the circumstances of each individual problem, and the continuity of inspection and service at strategically-timed intervals: to ensure that once controlled by the initial treatments, the premises remain under control.

It is upon the thoroughness and integrity of its operators, as much as on the Company's scientists, that the success of the Ratin method depends, and the ever-increasing number of prominent undertakings employing the Ratin Service is an irrefutable testimony to the work of national importance which they are performing.

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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

### Basically Speaking

AEROPLANES are mainly concerned with the conveyance of bodies. They do not normally play a large part in the conveyance of thoughts. But that thought users would benefit from a standardised mode of conveying thought is indisputable. That is why I have always advocated the use throughout aviation of the metric system and the 24-hour clock. That is why basic English, on which the Prime Minister focused attention in his Harvard speech, is also of aeronautical interest.

We cannot dash about from country to country and cope with different measures, different time scales and a different language in each one of them. Passengers would get confused if in a journey of twenty or thirty hours they were to run through five or six different languages, coinages, measuring systems, temperature scales and time scales. It is true that standardisation spells monotony and it would, indeed, be tragic if fast air travel were to eliminate variety. Nothing more horrid can be imagined than a globe-circling system of standardised hotels, all working on the same lines, with all their staffs speaking basic English and using basic coinage and the rest of it. The English tourist would then be deprived of his pleasure of noticing how strangely foreigners behave and of contrasting his own rational behaviour with the crazy antics of the whole of the rest of the world.

### Metrics

BUT although basic English would help the air traveller, I have some doubt if it will be readily adopted. The history of the metric system is discouraging. It is the system preferred by science; it is the logical system; it is the most widely used system; it is the simplest system. But British aviation has fought against it tooth and nail, and if in a gathering of a dozen aircraft constructors and engineers one arises and states one's belief in the desirability of adopting the metric system, one will make at least six enemies for life. Yet the only real objection to it is a navigational one. It rests on the fact that the kilometre not, in fact, being accurately related to the earth's dimensions, is no better as a navigational unit than the altogether mad statute mile. The sea mile is the best navigational unit.

My conclusion is, however, that the advantages offered by the metric system are so many that they outweigh this disadvantage. Enormous sums of money and a great deal of time would be saved in aviation every year if it were to standardise on the metric system. And, incidentally, it would finally get rid of those two traps for the unwary, the imperial and the United States gallon; and the British and United States ton. How many people get their ideas of aircraft performance wrong through not noticing which gallon and which ton is being quoted!

### Man-hours and Money

I FIND people tend to become impatient when one refers to the low price of an aeroplane designed for war purposes. In war, they say, price does not matter. Such a statement, of course, is to deny the very basis of money as a measuring instrument. The cheaper the aircraft, the better must be the organisation behind it and the more efficient the tooling and general production scheme. For a given performance the cheaper aircraft is—for a nation at war—very much the better aircraft, for it is economical in the calls it makes on the national effort. This is a point which must always be considered in relation to the heavy bombers. One objection to the very large machine is the big demand it makes on man-hours and materials. It is most important that—provided the performance is up to the mark—the aircraft chosen should be cheap—in the real sense—to produce.

It is widely reported—and I believe it to be true—that the Halifax is the cheapest of the big bombers. It benefits from a carefully thought out production scheme which had already proved successful in essentials for the earlier smaller aircraft which came from the same factory. A word of acknowledgment is due to the design and production engineers who were responsible for the Halifax.

### The Regia Aeronautica

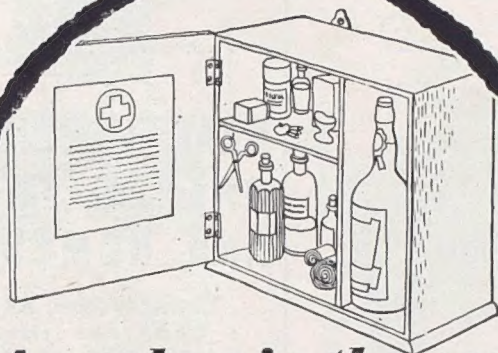
AT this short time since the surrender of Italy to the Allies it is hardly to be expected that the mystery of the Regia Aeronautica should have been solved. It certainly is a mystery, for we had reason to suppose before the war that the Italians were fairly good aeronautical engineers. As for their pilots, some of them were extremely brave and extremely competent. I shall always recall their flying in the 1927 Schneider Trophy which was flown over the waters of the Lido. I watched the race from the front of the Excelsior Palace Hotel and there can be no doubt the Italians put up a good fight. Although Flight Lieutenant (as he then was) S. N. Webster and his Supermarine monoplane were too good for them and won the race easily, the general impression remained that the Italians had only just failed to challenge us very seriously. And I had much the same impression again at Calshot in the later events. It was only in the final win when Boothman took his machine round the course at what was then an astonishingly high speed (and, indeed, remains so to this day) that I began to wonder if the surface glitter of the Italian high-speed work was backed up by real engineering substance.

Anyhow, their world's speed record was a memorable achievement, especially because the machine had counter-rotating airscrews. Perhaps one day we shall be more fully informed as to the reasons for the Regia Aeronautica's failure to show even a particle of that dash that was expected of it.



W/Cdr. William Mitchell Penman, D.F.C., A.F.C., has flown on many successful attacks on Germany, Italy and the occupied countries. On several occasions, with his machine partially disabled, he continued with grim determination, and successfully completed his mission.





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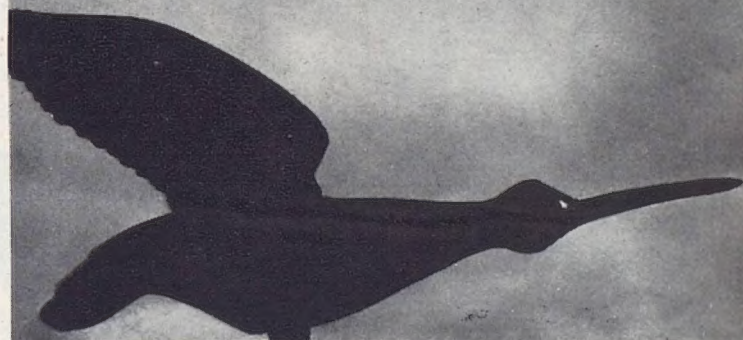
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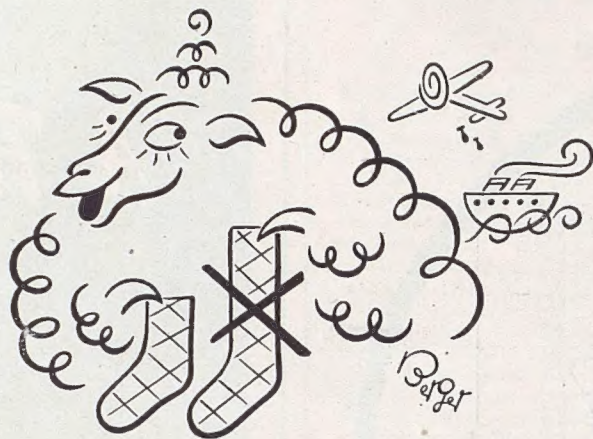
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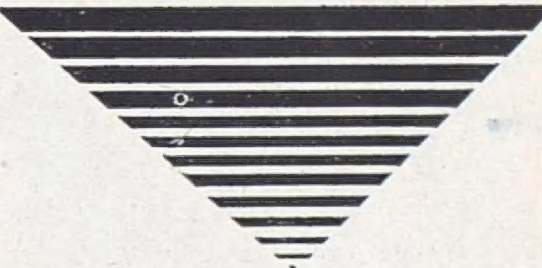
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